

This knyght lay styll tyll he dyd stynte  
The grehounde began to thynke  
And scraped a pyt anone  
Therin he drew the deed corse  
So he couered hym with erth and mose  
And from hym he wolde not gone  
The grehounde laye styll there  
This quene gan forthe fare  
For drede of her fone  
She had great sorowe in her herte  
And thornes prycked her wonder smerte  
She wyll not wythther to go  
This lady rode forth and fast gan hye  
In to the lande of Hongarye  
Thyther she came with great wo  
At last she came vnto a wodes syde  
But than coulde she no farther ryde  
Her paynes toke her so  
She lyghted downe in that tyde  
For there she dyd her trauayle abyde  
God wolde it sholde be so  
Than she with moche payne  
Tyed her horse by the rayne  
And rested her there tyll her paynes were  
She was deliuered of a man chylde swete  
And whan it began to crye and wepe

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he gaue to her an olde knyght  
Kynne to the quene and syr Roger hyght  
That was bathe curteyse and kynde  
Thre dayes he gaue them leue to passe  
And after that daye set was  
If men myght them fynde  
The quene sholde be brynte starke deed  
In a fyre with flambe regd  
This came of the stewardes mynde  
Forty florens for theyr expence  
The kynge bad gyue them in his presence  
And commaunded them to go  
The lady mourned as she sholde dye  
For all this she wyste not why  
He fared with her so  
The good knyght comforted the quene  
And sayd at goddes wyll all must bene  
Therfore madame mourne you no more  
Syr Roger had for her moche care  
For ofte she mourned as she dyde fare  
And cryed and syghed full sore  
Lordes knyghtes and ladyes gent  
Mourned for her whan she went  
And bewayled her that season  
The quene began to make sorowe and care  
Whan she fro the kynge sholde fare  
With wronge agaynst reason  
Forth they wente in nombre thre



at a nepe booke  
e stode her behynde  
came a knyght rydunge nere  
inde this queene so louely of chere  
hunted after the hynde  
ryght ryght Bernarde mauselwunge  
ounde the queene leppunge  
the grene woodwonde  
y he went nere and nere  
ht on foot and behelde her chere  
ryght curteys and kynde  
asked that lady of beaute  
oked on hym full of courtesy  
was afraide of hym  
d what do you here madame  
hens be you and what is your name  
you your men folowme  
he sayd yf ye wyll wete  
named Margarete  
tagen was I borne  
I haue suffred moche greefe  
me syz out of this myschefe  
me to wone that I were  
The knyght behelde that lady  
thought she was of gentle blood  
e was so harde bestabde  
ke her vp turretyll

Is it best to brenne her to deed  
My lady that hath done me this  
Now bycause that she is false to me  
I wyll neuer more her se  
Nor dele with her ywys  
The stewart said lord do not so  
Thou shalte her neyther brenne nor do  
But do as I shall you tell  
Barrocke said this counsell I  
Banyshe her your lande ppyuely  
Ferre in to exyle  
Delouer her an amblynge stede  
And an olde knyght her to lede  
Thus by my counsell loke ye do  
    goue them some spendyng  
    at may them out of the lande bypunge  
I holde no better than so  
An other mans chyld to be your heyre  
It were neyther good ne fayre  
But yf it were of your kynne  
Than said the kynge so mote I the  
Ryght as thou sayst so shall it be  
    derst wyll I neuer blynne  
    now is exyled that good quene  
But she wyll not what it dyd mene  
Nor what made hym to begynne  
To speke to her he ne wolde  
That made the quenes herte full colde  
    Tryamour.